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# Heroes of the Day:

FRANKLIN AND GARIBALDI.

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## POEMS

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THE first of these short poems was among the contributions that competed for the Franklin prize offered this summer by the University of Oxford. In bringing mine before the public, my object is merely to show that in spite of some close similarities between Mr. Vidal's poem and my own, in our general treatment, he has taken quite an opposite point of view. He treats this theme more "objectively," that is in its external bearings, with strains of heroic triumph, while I have endeavoured, in lauding Franklin's noble heroism, to trace the whole to one vast scheme of Providence, which grants to man the knowledge he desires, *only* at the price of death to the first discoverer, as is especially indicated at the close of this poem, where the fiat of destruction is revoked, and in the great battle of the elements the captives are delivered from their icy prison. Whatever be its merits, my design remains the same, a tribute to Franklin's memory.

The second, in a lighter, and more cheerful strain, exalts the great military hero of the day, who is at present recalling valiant deeds of Romans of former times. The metre adopted is that of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

The third is a fragment of an earlier piece, composed when I was sixteen, at Whitsand Bay (East Cornwall). The rhythm is heroic, though the metre I have more adapted to blank verse (the line often dividing sentences), to render the flow of sound more suitable to the peculiar subject.

These three poems I have placed together, however diverse in style and subject, as allegories of one idea. In the first, we see Man moved by the noblest aims, and aided by the most justifiable means, strive to penetrate the secret realms of Nature, till, in the moment of his long-desired victory, the conqueror is stricken down on the scene of his conquest—the finite vanquished by the Infinite. In the second, the struggle lies between man and man, a theme less grand, but more exciting, where the same destiny, working by the smallest means, achieves the victory of good over evil, while in the third, as in recapitulation, the immutability of nature is proclaimed amid all the vicissitudes of human society, until Nature herself shall pass away before her great Creator.

The fourth is translated from the Polish of Ignatius Krasicki, Archbishop of Gniezno. It is the conclusion of "Satyra I." I have rendered it in blank verse, as better preserving the philosophical ideas of the original.

The last is a lyric, founded on that belief in ministering spirits, which first made an article of creed by Zoroaster, has gained a place in all Oriental religions, and received the tacit approval of the Western Churches of Christendom. It is a beautifully poetical doctrine that seems to me alone to reconcile a belief in Providence with total rejection of Pantheism.

Life and Death  
OF  
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

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“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.”

REV. xv., v. 30.

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DREAD Winter, tyrant of the ice-bound north !  
Come awful from thy snow-clad fastness forth :  
Rise ! with thine all-congealing, icy breath,  
Pregnant of terrors, all-pervading death.  
Inspire my muse ! For once bear day, not night,  
To tell of HIM who braved thy fatal might.  
No mortal strife was his, nor human foes,  
But war with nature, battle with the snows,  
Where rule eternal frost and Arctic night,  
While weeks and months creep past, nor day, nor light



Are seen, save when Aurora's streamers stain  
 The sombre vault that spans grim winter's fane.  
 With ills as these, is conquest great indeed,  
 E'en though the victor o'er his laurels bleed ;  
 Warring with nature's terrors, where the day  
 Beareth no light, and chaos holdeth sway.  
 Like in that awful birth of time, when sleep  
 Eternal rested o'er the boundless deep ;  
 Till, from the Empyrean throne of might  
 Th' Almighty summon'd life-bestowing Light.  
 Breathe on my soul thy power ! exalt what's low,  
 Restrain th' uniform'd, to sing that hero's woe.

O man !

Who trusting to thy Reason's strength doth strive,  
 By thought at myst'ries divine t' arrive ;  
 With earth-born hand would'st thou raise darkness' veil,  
 Shroud of Omniscience, adamant mail ?  
 Or, on His dazzling lustre would'st thou gaze,  
 Creator through creation,—reflex blaze ?  
 Minds finite up to Infinite strive to swell—  
 Wider and wider—till they hear death's knell.

Aided by optic skill each drop thou seest,  
 Replete with monsters in each form of beast,  
 Thou chain'st the lightning to thy triumph's car,  
 And on the wind's wild wings thou wand'rest far ;  
 Soaring from earth to heaven, each mist-like cloud,  
 By the far-seeing tube\* grows empires proud ;  
 Realms of a myriad suns, as pismires dense,  
 That in June's eves flit o'er the sheepfold's fence—

\* Telescope. Etym. *τηλε σκοπεω* referring to the solution of Nebulæ,  
 "where myriads of worlds spring like grass in the night."—*Humboldt*.



Ephemeral ; but these ten thousand years  
 May fail to bring their fame to human seers,  
 One hundred ages wand'ring light may fly,  
 Before their splendour reach a human eye.

Is it denied to thee this earth to know,  
 Vanquish'd, enchain'd, a captive by thy foe ?  
 This world thy wisdom's triumph teacheth thee,  
 Is but a drop in Æther's wondrous sea.  
 Thy Maker grants thee all, boundless thy rule,  
 Heav'n thy mind may span by art's meting tool ;  
 Thy soul may soar from grov'ling earth on high,  
 Floating on thought's swift wings amid the sky ;  
 Measure the realms of space, from star to star  
 Search o'er infinity for worlds afar.  
 But, when man would in earth's dark secrets pry,  
 The first who solves that myst'ry must die !  
 Though form'd as th' image of the infinite,  
 Still dust man is, in dust lies all his right.

First in that tale of hardy enterprise,  
 Cabot\* doth on historic page arise ;  
 He boldly dared to cross those seas unknown,  
 In his frail bark, unaided and alone :  
 Then come the worthies of our golden age,  
 Who there defied the Arctic tempest's rage :  
 Their names no gorgeous mausoleums declare,  
 But isles and seas on charts of guidance bear ;  
 Hudson and Davis, Frobisher† the brave  
 Traversed in pinnaces the foaming wave :

\* John Cabot in 1497 was the first who sought the North-West Passage.

† From 1570 to 1610.—Martin Frobisher was first in chronological order.

'Mid storm, 'mid snow, they sped their troublous ways,  
 Trusting in God, and hoping better days.  
 Then, might Britannia of her sons be proud,  
 When e'en great Spain, in sorrow, vanquished, bow'd.

Since that two centuries elaps'd, inert,  
 And wounded Britain with all ills was hurt,  
 Till dauntless Cook (by savage traitors slain)  
 Bore Albion's banner to the northern main.  
 Then rose an era in discovery's tale,  
 New armaments on silent waters sail—  
 Vessels of which ne'er ancient seamen thought,  
 Men, by experience train'd and sagely taught,  
 Fam'd Parry, noble Ross, with Dease and Back,  
 Follow in splendid enterprise their track.

As when strange armies mountain glens invade,  
 In dust each fortress one by one is laid :  
 Thus step by step each inlet has been gain'd,  
 Till less and less frost's unknown realm has wan'd :  
 One effort more—and vanquish'd, all is won,  
 The North irradiate by reason's sun.

Collect, mankind, your force. Let ablest men  
 Strive now to solve what erst past mortal ken :  
 Let FRANKLIN lead that band, Britannia's flower  
 Of ocean's chivalry, and wisdom's power.

\* \* \*

Where London's cluster'd spires and turrets gleam,  
 Rising from mist above that mighty stream,\*  
 Whence oft of yore our wooden walls have gone  
 To death, or vict'ry, by valour won :

\* Franklin left the Thames May 26th, 1845, in command of the  
 "Erebus" and "Terror."



There, through the crowded craft in grandeur speed  
 Two noble ships, for fearful wreck decreed.  
 "Erebus," guest most fit for midnight's reign,  
 And "Terror," sad companion of her pain.  
 With all inventions are those barks supplied,  
 That now, at length the north may be defied.  
 And all the votaries at wisdom's shrine  
 Augur success from promises so fine.

Farewell ! brave men.—No more may ye behold  
 Albion's green hills Aurora steeps in gold.  
 Ne'er more to her safe havens shall ye come,  
 Nor hear her noisy cities' busy hum :  
 No more your fate your happy homes to see,  
 Nor dance your infant children on your knee,  
 Nor meet your loving wives' long wished embrace,  
 When crown'd with laurels in your native place.  
 No more 'tis yours to hear the village bells,  
 That echo calls of prayer, 'mid verdant dells ;  
 Nor may ye tread those meads in joyful rest  
 From all your toils, in peace and plenty blest ;  
 By all rever'd for your brave deeds, that earn'd  
 Glory to you, while all mankind has learn'd  
 What man can suffer, what endure, what dare,  
 That fame, that victory's honour, be his share.  
 Starvation, death is yours, but dying fame  
 Victorious, in an undying name.

On, swiftly, on their watery path they speed,  
 Nor thus induced by lucre's filthy greed,  
 As granite-hearted Cortez, seeking gold,  
 Lost all once valued by Spain's sons of old :\*

\* Cortez, by his cruelty towards the Americans, lost all that glory once so valued by the Spaniards, and from his time we may date Spain's decline.



On peaceful mission these men leave their home,  
 A glorious thirst for knowledge makes them roam,  
 That led world-famed Copernicus of Thorn,\*  
 Polonia's son in age of darkness born,  
 To search out Nature's laws, and fearless brave  
 The rage of folly, (that will ever rave  
 'Gainst learning's conquests and triumphant skill),  
 Scorning all danger, with unconquered will.  
 Thus did Columbus test the unknown sea,  
 And find a world,—resplendent victory.  
 Da Gama thus, the glorious, the famed,  
 Triumphed on finding that at which he aimed ;†  
 Thus Humboldt scaled bleak Andes' snowy peaks ;  
 Thus Livingstone dry Afric's marvels seeks.

On, then, brave ships, on, in your fatal course,  
 On ! for no storms can back your glories force.  
 On ! Erebus, dark child of Hades' night,  
 On ! Gloomy Terror, ne'er return to sight,—  
 There, in the ice-floes, sunk by Winter's might.

\* This eminent Polish astronomer was born in 1473, at Thorn, a town in Regal (Polish) Prussia, as we learn from an inscription on his tomb in Frauenburg Cathedral:—

“ Nicolao Copernico, Torunensi,  
 Artium et Medicinæ Doctori, Canonico Warmiensi,  
 Præstanti Astrologo et ejus disciplinæ Instaurationi,  
 Martinus Cromerus, Episcopus Warmiensi,  
 Honoris et ad posteritatem memoriæ causa posuit.  
 Anno Christi MDLXXXI.”

For an interesting account of his monuments at Warsaw and S. Anne's, Cracow, see *La Pologne* (Leonard Chodzko), Paris, 1835, pages 20-24. While studying at the University of Cracow, he became initiated in astronomy, and particularly in the use of the Astrolabium, under the guidance of Albertus Brudzevius.

† Vasco da Gama discovered the Cape of Storms, forgotten since the memorable Phœnician expedition.

Forward they haste, through Ocean's foaming waves,  
 To where the Atlantic Greenland's mountains laves,  
 Over that storm-tossed deep, where North-men bold,  
 Feared not the tempest in the days of old,  
 But in their fragile barks found Vinland fair,  
 And the Ice-isle\*—thus could our fathers dare.  
 But who shall say their children crouch in dread,  
 Lest conquered, they should sleep in Ocean's bed !

See, now, the icebergs, bright with crystal spires,  
 Radiant in rainbow hues, 'neath Phœbus' fires :  
 As gorgeous minarets and domes, that gleam  
 From Islam's eastern cities, now they seem ;  
 Or like the Gothic minster's towers that swell  
 O'er crowded streets, that bygone glories tell.  
 Some, as Egyptia's idols, grandly vast,  
 Rise, forms grotesque,—quaint ruins of the past ;  
 Some, as Palenques mysterious remains,  
 Relics of perished races,—unknown reigns.†  
 Such giant-forms, such shapes most passing strange,  
 As guardians of the Ice-king's realms e'er change ;  
 Sounding their watchword with a deafening crash,  
 As turning in the unfathomed deep they splash ;  
 Slow stalking through the sea as guardians vast  
 Of Nature's hallowed portals, never past,  
 Save by such heroes who defy the rage  
 Of Polar tempests—gems of history's page !  
 Back, madmen, back ! swift fleeing to your homes,  
 Enough to gaze upon those icy domes !

\* There is reason to believe that the Norsemen extended their voyages not only to Iceland and Greenland, but even went as far west as North America. Vide Laing's *Heimskringla*, Introduction, Vol. I, pages 141—188.

† Vide Stephens' *Yucatan*, *passim*.



Enough to see God's most stupendous work,  
 Near which all Winter's deadly horrors lurk.  
 Back ! know ye not that he who enters here,  
 Never again shall pass these portals drear ?  
 No golden treasures rest beneath these shores,  
 Hid in the secret place of Nature's stores,  
 Nor priceless pearls lie in this azure deep,  
 Whence ye may soon a Mammon's harvest reap :  
 Naught save the snow, and ice, and *naked* rocks,  
 And Frost, who, all in his embrace, now locks ;  
 These treasures are alone in Winter's shrine,  
 Where never man hath trod, or e'er his sign.

“ Man, Nature's Conqueror,” there hath not been seen  
 And still creation sleeps in stony mien.

\*      \*      \*

At first, false fickle Fortune smiled benign,  
 While brave they traversed Ocean's foaming brine ;  
 New lands, new countries opened to their sight,  
 But all was barren, chill'd by Winter's night.  
 There naked cliffs rear their gaunt peaks on high,  
 And snow-clad mountains jut against the sky,  
 Rugged and cold as though th' Omnific Word  
 Of God, life-breathing, there had ne'er been heard.

Not so ! e'en there amid the warmest vales,  
 Sheltered by hills from those destroying gales,  
 The Arctic flower† may linger its short life,  
 Beneath those peaks with wintry terrors rife,

\* Gen. i., v. 25.—“ Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, &c.”

† *Pedicularis*, *Ranunculus*, and *Taraxacum*, are the few scanty specimens of Flora in the Polar region.



And in the sunniest crannies wave its flowers,  
 Smiling, in lilac cups, at hoary towers ;  
 And there, awhile, the sorrel dares defy  
 The Arctic cold, warmed by short summer's sky ;  
 'Mid lightest nooks, tinged with a tender green,  
 Where humble lichens, few and far between,  
 Mark the bare cliffs, rough slope of massive gneiss,\*  
 Bearing their crests o'er lucid fields of ice,—  
 There on glacial hills, or naked rocks,  
 Grim sit the seals, while stern frost, chilling, locks  
 All other life within his stony arms,—  
 Kings of the north, then free from war's alarms ;  
 Till, with life-giving morn, the Polar bear  
 Rises from torpor, in his snowy lair.  
 But through the deep, in that brief summer day,  
 Leviathan doth plough his foaming way,  
 Fearless, between the glacier's bristling hills ;  
 Yet even he must flee, when cold night chills  
 The ocean, veil'd with freezing pall of snow,  
 Dreading in terror his unconquer'd foe.

Thence now they pass into those unknown seas,  
 Borne by the fanning winds, and fortune's breeze ;  
 Sailing in hope amid those cluster'd isles,  
 That stud the narrow route in rugged files,

\* The granitoid schist, that has received this name from the German miners, and by which it is still designated universally in scientific works, is one of the most common among the rocks of the Arctic regions. The coast of N. Somerset and Prince of Wales Island, bounding Peel Sound, down which Franklin passed to his icy tomb, are especially formed of it. Vide M'Clintock, Appendix 4.—The whole of the extreme Northern part of Franklin's course never has been explored ; so I have imagined that the geological features of those unknown regions are not dissimilar to those adjacent, abounding with these Arctic rocks.

Till solid fields of glassy rocks forbid  
To search those realms, by nature's rampart hid.

Like, as some well-train'd phalanx, steady stands,  
Unmoved, with bristling blades, in serried bands ;  
Silent, as though not flesh, but lifeless stone,  
Save when some hero yields his parting groan :  
Forests of flashing pikes arise in tiers,  
To where some chief th' emblazon'd banner rears  
O'er horrid panoply of glist'ning steel,  
Until the hostile squadrons—broken—reel.

Thus spire on spire surge in that frozen field,  
Lances that giant Titans might not wield,  
Rank behind rank, invincible array,  
Refracting back the feeble light of day ;  
As though in scorn, defying morn's soft powers,  
Bright with a dazzling armament of towers,—  
Lifeless and still, save when amid the host  
The wind's wild clarion shakes the death-ruled coast,  
With blaze terrific roaring through the caves,  
Or lashing into hills the purple waves ;  
Raising the feath'ry crest of drifting snow,  
Nodding defiance to each mortal foe,  
Before great Winter's oriflamme unfurl'd  
In misty folds, the ensigns of a world.

What may that glacial barrier conceal ?  
What wonders, hid behind that mystic wheel ?  
He knows, He only can those works proclaim,  
Who from Heaven made Creation's wond'rous frame.

Vain is the gallant charge, where wanderers seek  
Some inlet where the frozen barrier's weak ;



No steam-moved engine may that bulwark break,  
 Nor death-fraught powder cause its hills to quake ;  
 Human inventions uselessly are there,  
 No mortal force can that vast circle tear—  
 That magic ring of ice that charms the realms  
 Of Polar mystery, and life o'erwhelms.  
 Adventurous Franklin baffled, back retires,\*  
 Before the genial sun wanes his soft fires,  
 Amid those undiscover'd straits he flees,†  
 Till Devon's cliffs above the waves he sees ;  
 Not sweet Devonian, garden of our home  
 Where Nature's worshippers e'er love to roam,  
 Realm of all beauties, verdant paradise ;  
 But that North island, girt with robes of ice.‡  
 There at fam'd Beechy Island they prepare  
 The Arctic horror of the night to bear.

All evils have an end. So winter flies,  
 And in the East, Spring's golden rays arise ;  
 Their ice-bound prison breaks in thund'ring crash,  
 As toppling mountains in the ocean splash.  
 And to the South, now free, those vessels go,  
 Bravely to meet their all-destroying foe.

\* H. M. S. "Erebus" and "Terror" wintered in the ice 70°-05' N., 98°-23' W. Having wintered 1846-7 at Beechey Island, lat. 74°-48 N., long. 91°-39' W., after ascending to lat. 77° N., and returned west of Cornwallis Island.—*Inscription found by M'Clintock.*

† The straits west of Cornwallis Isle were first visited by Franklin.

‡ The large island north of Lancaster Sound is called North Devon, which is here contrasted with the lovely county of that name, abounding with remains of Druidical worship, as at Newark Bridge, the Dewerstone (9 miles from Plymouth,) Crockern Tor, &c.



Success has come,—kind Victory blandly smiles,\*  
 But there Frost's Victor's chain'd by Frost's deep wiles ;  
 Around the barks crystalline mountains close,  
 Winding their chains about old Winter's foes,  
 Here then his subtle spells upraise the tomb  
 With icy spires of rock, surging with doom ;  
 Where the fierce demon of the North enchants  
 His conqueror, who there for freedom pants.  
 Night comes, night, gloomy, dreadful, dark and cold,  
 Night fraught with horrors, never to be told :  
 Such as the lands of living man ne'er know,  
 Night black with gloom, that hides those fields of snow ;  
 More and more sombre grows the sadden'd hue,  
 Colder and colder, piercing through and through.  
 No sounds now break those silent fields of death,  
 Where never yet had mortal man drawn breath.  
 Silence most awful rules that living tomb,  
 While darkness terribly on high doth loom ;  
 Where those brave barks are bound in icy chains,  
 There in Death's calm, and Winter's dark domains ;  
 Save when Auroras of the North may glare,  
 And with their crimson streamers seem to tear  
 Th' Æther into shreds, as bright on high,  
 Those fiery lines red blaze against the sky  
 In igneous cone. Thus rage magnetic storms,  
 Where her untrodden temple nature forms,  
 And in her holiest of holies' rest  
 Sits, rob'd in darkness, veil'd by shadows blest.  
 Enthron'd 'neath crystal towers, with ice-floes bound,  
 Never defil'd by mortal step nor sound,

\* From the accounts remaining, it is supposed Franklin in this voyage really discovered the North-West Passage.

Swells nature's altar, and most secret shrines,  
 Where God hath hid his most terrific signs.  
 There did Arabian tales of fiction place  
 That magic fane of most deceitful face,  
 The Loadstone Isle,\* to which the magnet points,  
 Thus fancy with her fictions Truth anoints.

\*                    \*                    \*

Then, slow the night roll'd past, when came Spring's  
 morn,  
 Once long desired, but now for sorrow born !†  
 For now exhausted nature stands no more,  
 Sad sickness seizes life's most vital core.  
 His hand grows feeble, dimmed are his eyes,  
 But in the soul's deep chamber visions rise ;  
 At death's approach return the scenes long past,  
 And on his fever'd mind their solace cast.

His home he sees—Meadows of emerald green,  
 With elms and gnarled oaks of stately mien,  
 And purling streams 'twixt densest sylvan shades,  
 'Mid flow'ry swards, and sweetly perfum'd glades :  
 Where feath'ry warblers of the woodland sing,  
 And childhood's merry laugh was wont to ring ;

\* It is a strange coincidence that the scene of the destruction of the "Erebus" and "Terror" was in the immediate vicinity of the Magnetic Pole, which I have supposed to be the region of the greatest cold, and the most frequent Auroræ Boreales, resting on Humboldt's theory :—Telluric magnetism and the electro-dynamic forces are intimately connected both with the terrestrial or Polar light, and the external and internal temperature of our planet, whose magnetic poles have been regarded by some philosophers as poles of cold."—Cosmos, Vol. I, page 179. Vide Ampère *Theorie des phénomènes électro-dynamiques*, (182), page 66 ; and Sir D. Brewster's *Treatise on Magnetism* (1837).

\* Sir J. Franklin died June 11th, 1847.



Again, in that fair scene, he plays a boy,  
Hoping and loving, thinking all was joy.

The vision's chang'd—Upon his manly breast  
His loving wife her tender cheek doth rest ;  
The friends, th' admirers of maturer days,  
In fond applauding crowds his valour praise ;  
But none so dear, so sweet may there abide,  
As what he feels at her, his lov'd one's side,  
In his home, as he admired narrates  
His victory, and Fortune's fav'ring fates.

A minster's vaulted roof now sacred swells  
Trembling beneath the peal of muffled bells,  
Where, through th' oriel panes, rays stream in gold  
In all the splendour of the days of old ;  
Where sainted martyrs cast their varied hue  
Upon the pageantry of glories new.  
While wrought in marble, deck'd by art's display,  
With Britain's monarchs shrin'd in time dim'd grey,  
'Mid all that's noble, all that men call great—  
Behold ! embossed with flow'ry wreaths ornate,  
That name of magic, carved in golden fires :  
FRANKLIN—enshrin'd beneath those fretted spires.\*

\*                    \*                    \*

Why is that eye, the soul's directing light,  
Now glassy, in an everlasting night ?  
Why clammy lie those hands, so still, so cold ?  
Why pallid close those lips, that once of old

\* Can England refuse to this martyr of science a monument in the  
Walhalla of our departed heroes—Westminster Abbey ?



Words of sage counsel and reflection spake,  
 That nations hear, and for their guidance take ?  
 The casket lies unharm'd, the gem is gone,  
 For all its treasury grim death hath won.  
 The form indeed is there, the spirit's fled,  
 Above that brow sits th' angel of the dead.

\*                    \*                    \*

Raise, reverently, the hero on his bier !  
 Nor spare upon his clammy cheek a tear ;  
 Wrap that gallant form in the flag around,  
 Bear him in silence to his final Sound,\*  
 The port whence mariner may ne'er return,  
 For trav'lers leave not that mystic bourne.  
 No pomp funereal surrounds his tomb,  
 Nor legion's measured tramp, nor cannon's boom,  
 Or muffled drum, or clarion's solemn tone,  
 Drown by false pageantry the mourner's moan.  
 No sable plumes entice a gaping crowd,  
 As when some tyrant to grim death has bow'd.  
 No!—carried by the comrades of his woe,  
 Great FRANKLIN sleeps within his grave of snow.

Death is the fate of man, and each must die :  
 Death hovers o'er the regal canopy,  
 He sits above the hovel of the slave,  
 Or rides in pomp upon the foam-crown'd wave,—  
 Mounts with the warrior on his prancing steed,  
 Watches while songs the banquet's pleasures lead,  
 Lurks in our cup, rests on our downy beds ;  
 Pursues our steps, nor e'en spares mighty heads.

Sound,—Nautical term for Bay, Haven, &c.

Some in the early spring of youth he slays,  
 Some, victims fall in their maturer days,  
 Some, when their Autumn ripens into fruit,  
 Some, when old Winter girts his snowy suit.  
 None spareth he :—or soon or late must each  
 That dreadful moment of his parting reach.  
 Strive as he may, it comes, nor brooks delay,  
 Since all must see that fearful reck'ning day.  
 And what is life ? A phantom, vapour, shade,  
 Where each will bloom awhile, and then must fade,  
 A nothing in the time of the Most High,  
 A drop in th' ocean of Eternity.

Is it not better thus to die revered  
 Than in ambition's struggle, hated, feared,  
 Or else unknown, unhonour'd fade away,  
 Unvisited by glory's golden ray ?

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

And there, within those awful precincts bound,  
 O'er that devoted band night gathers round.  
 Night in all horror, mantles o'er their tomb,—  
 Their living grave, replete with mortal doom ;  
 Famine and hunger, cold and stern disease,  
 Courage now quench, and hearts with terror seize.  
 Death in all shapes, now stares them face to face,  
 Groans of the dying sound about that place.  
 Now one by one they're called away to sleep,  
 And one by one committed to the deep—  
 The deep that is to be, for now, as rock,  
 Those frozen waters every summer mock.  
 Thus, by degrees, that little band grows less,  
 And living envy dead in their distress ;



Knowing how soon the grave must be their share,  
 They yearn to rest beneath the snow so fair,  
 As to the God of hope they raise their prayer.

Night in her silent terrors reigns on high,—  
 Time creeps. Each hour an age of agony.  
 Frost robes the rigging in his vest of snow,  
 Hung with festoons of stalactites below ;  
 While in the desert, hush'd in silence still,  
 Loom dim the beetling cliff and glacial hill.  
 Thus time has crept, slow in his laggard crawl,  
 Till solemn night hath raised her sombre pall.  
 And now begins their sadden'd journey back,  
 Striving again to tread the long-left track ;  
 Fleeing in vain, with fainting steps, the land  
 Which once they sought in hope, a joyful band.  
 Now in despair they strive to reach that shore  
 Which they are destin'd never to see more.

Who shall reveal the horror of those days  
 That saw them wand'ring o'er that icy maze ?  
 What bard dares sing Melpomene's sad strain  
 Of that drear wilderness of mortal pain ?

Nay, better 'tis to think no more of woes,  
 Such as are only known 'mid Arctic snows,  
 Unless our hearts be girt with brazen mail,  
 Let us forget the melancholy tale.

They faint there, on their travel slow and sad,  
 Yet not without sweet Hope to make them glad:  
 Hope such as mighty Death can never tear.  
 Worn lies the Bible, solace of all care,



Where bleach its servant's bones on Ocean's strand,\*  
 Pilgrim, who reached, we hope, some better land.  
 Wearied, he dropp'd asleep upon his road,  
 Unrack'd by agony, death's dreaded goad.†  
 There in that day of misery he yields,  
 Where his scatter'd bones lie on snow-clad fields.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Her lost sons England seeks, ship after ship  
 In quest is sent, their names rest on each lip,  
 All wisdom's triumphs, all inventions used,  
 In vain are all against those icebergs bruised,  
 In vain, by sea, by land, from East, from West,  
 They strive their victims from the frost to wrest.  
 In vain each bay, each isle, or strait, or creek,  
 On land, in ocean, all the lost ones seek.

Through wide-spread Christendom the tocsin sounds,  
 'Mid Europe's nations—to its farthest bounds ;  
 E'en Gaul's brave sons in Albion's cause arise,  
 Since one humanity for help now cries,  
 And soon the "sovereign people" of the West  
 Yield to Britannia's undenied request.  
 Now from the East the ukase of the Czar,‡  
 Spreads through Siberia's wilderness afar :—

“Ye nations rise ! help for your brethren's sake,  
 “Arise, and from lethargic slumbers haste ! awake !

\* Vide M'Clintock.

† Referring to the sleep which is the precursor of death by frost.

‡ France, the United States, and Russia all joined in the search. Bellot and De Bray went from France, De Haven and Kane from the United States.—*Vide Brown's N. W. Passage*, p. 39.

"One hundred men are dying in that waste,  
 "And famine's victims faint, unless ye haste ;  
 "For mankind's good their country have they left  
 "And in the cause of all of life bereft ;  
 "Raise beacon fires, through Europe's favoured lands,  
 "Sound the alarm ! Humanity demands."

The ruling cry of common nature calls  
 Above stern jealousy's impotent walls.  
 Where Hudson's tide the Empire city laves,  
 Where desert Obi pours her lifeless waves,  
 From London's busy streets, from Kremlin's tow'rs,  
 Sound these alarms, to stir the succ'ring pow'rs.  
 In vain each hopeful armament is sent,  
 On kindly mission of assistance bent ;  
 In vain is all that unknown tract explor'd,  
 And all man's skill upon the desert pour'd.  
 Through that wild waste is found no trace nor spar,  
 E'en rumour fails to sound her trump afar.  
 Ten winters now have chilled the frozen land,  
 Ten summers charm'd our fields by Ceres' band,  
 Till hope deferred makes sick the heart of man.  
 All has been tried his grateful country can—  
 Each isle, each strait, been sought, of yore unknown.  
 All now despair,—his wife hopes on alone.

Most noble struggle ! meriting success,\*  
 Never in hist'ry may thy fame grow less,  
 Ne'er may her pattern Albion's daughters scorn,  
 She would not leave her lov'd one there forlorn :

\* The "Fox" (177 tons), was sent by Lady Franklin, with the assistance of some friends, from Penland Frith, July 2nd, 1857, after the Government had given up the search, as only endangering the lives of the navigators. The crew of the "Fox" numbered 25 men only.



Though all despair, she bravely hopes on still,  
Till certain loss the cup of sorrows fill.

The battle's not for strong, nor race for swift,  
By weakest wedge we oft great masses lift,  
And so McClintock, in his little bark,  
Has won a name that now all nations mark ;  
Although first failures turned his northward course,\*  
He pierced those barriers by determined force.  
In tempest's perils, on that stormy sea,  
In frost's numb'd terrors on that snowy lea,  
As in dog-sledges every track he sought,  
Until success was, by long labour, bought :  
Where Vict'ry Point,† the cairn of relics bore,  
Relics that secrets from the grave restore—  
Relics that touch us to our souls' deep core ;  
The tatter'd garments round the whiten'd bones,  
Where learning's martyrs gasp'd their dying groans ;  
The scatter'd spars, the lines of sad import,  
Lying conceal'd beneath that stone-girt fort,  
Where expeditions splendid yet have fail'd,  
This little bark has Franklin's fate unveil'd.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Sleep, FRANKLIN, sleep in thy crystalline tomb !  
Sleep on, where high the sombre vault doth loom,  
Heaving its boundless cope, where countless stars,  
Like pendent cressets hang from airy bars :

\* The "Fox" was beset in Melville Bay the first winter, but afterwards refitting at Disco, passed up Baffin's Bay to Beechey Isle, and thence down Peel Sound.

† S.W. of King William Isle, where the famous manuscript was found, which cleared up all doubt about the missing expedition.



Or Northern lights, that as the torches flare  
 On some grand feast, when votive crowds may dare  
 In long procession, to transgress the bounds  
 Of some fam'd shrine, 'mid music's dulcet sounds :  
 When, as the crowd for some high rite may list,  
 From golden censers rises perfum'd mist ;  
 So up on high, to that vast flame's expanse,  
 The silver cirri\* move in gorgeous dance,  
 Mounting to conic cupolas of fire,†  
 Unclosing all the depths of heav'ns empire.  
 Rest, in that dazzling mausoleum in peace !  
 Rest, till earth's panoply for aye shall cease !

\*                    \*                    \*

Sleep on ! cold corse ! where silent Death holds reign,  
 No pealing anthem swells beneath that fane ;  
 No white rob'd choirs beside thy tomb may sweep !  
 Nor crowds' loud tramp disturb thy tranquil sleep !  
 No solemn chant reverberates 'mid those aisles,  
 Nor tapers blaze betwixt columnar piles.  
 Beneath, where crystal turrets stately loom,  
 Thy snowy pall doth rest upon thy tomb ;  
 Grim Boreas thy requiem alone  
 Sounds through the icy hills his solemn tone,  
 In fearful grandeur, when Hyperion stains  
 Those glassy barriers, where Winter reigns.

\* "The Aurora shoots forth the most vivid rays, when masses of cirro-strati are hovering in the upper region of the atmosphere, and when they are so thin that their presence can only be discovered by the formation of a halo round the moon."—Humboldt's *Cosmos*, vol. 1, p. 183.

† "The walls of the wondrous cone were formed by light floating clouds of silvery brightness, which, curling upwards like volumes of thin smoke, spread their luminous rays in every direction. These clouds rose like vapour from the base, as if it were engendered in the earth, and rolled rapidly up to the summit."—*Revelations of Siberia*, edited by Col. Lach Szyrma, 1853, vol 2, p. 291.

Sleep on ! No spoiler may disturb thy corse,  
 Nor ravager thy icy cov'ring force ;  
 Worm cannot gnaw, nor yet corruption waste,  
 What fatal frost in Death's embrace may haste.\*  
 Sleep on ! till blazing planets glare on high,  
 With size portentous burning in the sky ;  
 Till Phœbus veil in night his golden mien,  
 Staining with blood the robes of Evening's queen  
 The heart's blood gushing from th' expiring world,  
 Transfix'd with shafts by hands Almighty hurl'd ;  
 Till in her dissolution's awful hour,  
 'Mid falling mountains and th' all ruin'd power  
 Of gravity that heaves from her vast deep  
 The turbid ocean, and awakes from sleep,†  
 The subterranean fires that flame beneath,  
 Burning both city, forest, meadow, heath—  
 Earth gasps in terror with the pangs of death,  
 Panting in hurricanes her scorching breath ;  
 While from the dome of the dissolving sky,  
 Th' Archangel's fatal trump doth sound on high,  
 Rending the stony chains of Death with blare  
 Of portent terrific, as horrors glare ;  
 Such as no mortal tongue dare now rehearse,  
 Flashing from all the crumbling Universe.

Then shall that icy cerement, rent in twain,  
 Melted, destroyed, sink low into the main,

\* All animal substances while frozen, retain their form, as when newly dead. Witness the Mammoth found in Siberia in 1771, still eatable by the dogs. See also the account of Menchikoff's tomb, in Revelations of Siberia, Vol. I., p. 147.

† "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring." St. Luke, xxi., v. 25.



While glaciers topple, icebergs disappear,  
 And snows dissolve, for Winter's end is near ;  
 When earth shall melt, the heav'ns as a scroll,  
 In Æther's boundless vacuum shall roll.  
 By God all was, by God all is no more,  
 Revoking fiats, thunder'd forth before.\*  
 Man's soul alone may soar to Him above,  
 Immortal triumph of eternal love !

\* "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." 1st Cor. xv., v. 53.

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them."—Rev. xx., v. 11.



# G A R I B A L D I.

---

## I.

### 1

Sicilia's sons ! arouse ye,  
 Wake from your sluggish sleep,  
 Your deliverer is coming  
 Across the purple deep.  
 The sons of Ancient Romans,  
 Now worthy of their sires,  
 Shall soon, amid yon tow'ring hills,  
 Sit round their bivouac fires :  
 The sons of Veian heroes,  
 Of Zama's valiant men,  
 Of those who fell at Cannæ,  
 Oft told by Clio's pen.

### 2

Lo ! to Marsala's hence-famed bay  
 Their barks are speeding fast,  
 As the triremes that bore Scipio,  
 In the ages long gone past ;  
 It is not for golden lucre,  
 Nor yet for hireling's pay,  
 But they come to free their brethren,  
 Or die for you to-day.

## 3

Alas ! upon their snowy sails  
 The tyrant's ships bear down,  
 And with their blazing broadsides,  
 Now threat to crush the town.  
 But the men who aim those cannon,  
 Make their thunder all in vain,  
 The harmless bullets scatter dust,  
 Or sink into the main.\*

## 4

Sound the watchword of your freedom,  
 Light the bright beacon fire,  
 Loud shout Italia's battle cry,  
 Oft sung to poet's lyre ;  
 Where Dion once the tyrant  
 From Syracuse did flee,  
 Where Agrigentum's golden domes  
 Once rose above the sea ;  
 Where Pyrrhus, the unconquered,  
 Warred in that former age,  
 And Marcellus, Rome's great leader,  
 Fought Sicilia's greatest sage.†

## 5

Lo ! the name of Garibaldi  
 Doth pass from mouth to mouth ;  
 The hero of the North is come  
 With freedom to the South.

\* One man only was wounded in landing.

† Archimedes, who long baffled the Romans in the siege by the machines he invented.

Through thicket wild, and mountain glen,  
 'Mid storm, and rain, and wind,  
 The little band goes fearless on,  
 With Fortune ever kind.

## 6

As a snowball from the mountains,  
 Will oft in falling grow,  
 Till an avalanche it swells,  
 To spread far death below ;  
 So, in their rapid marches,  
 Those valiant bands increase,  
 For the goad of Bourbon tyrants,  
 Have maddened men of peace.  
 The peasant leaves his humble cot,  
 And girds the soldier's arms,  
 And the merchant quits his counter,  
 As he hears of war's alarms.

## 7

The legions of the enemy,  
 Stand in their proud array,  
 'Mid mountain heights, in gorgeous pomp,  
 Prepar'd for the fray.  
 Their bayonets as a forest,  
 And sabres glisten bright,  
 O'er plumes and crested helmets,  
 That blaze in morning's light,  
 While the cannon roar around them,  
 Their fatal sulph'rous breath,  
 And a myriad deadly rifles  
 Urge on the work of death.



But the hands that aim those weapons  
 Are hands of timorous slaves,  
 And the patriot little army  
 Dread not their honour'd graves.

## 8

With their spears and swords, Rome's legions  
 Hurl'd mighty Carthage down,  
 Crushed Gallia, and great Macedon,  
 And wrested Egypt's crown.  
 With flashing steel their gallant sons  
 Encounter that proud host,  
 And hand to hand the world soon finds  
 Who loves his cause the most.\*

## 9

With dust-stained plumes, and weaken'd ranks,  
 Defeated regiments flee,  
 Until they view Palermo's domes  
 Above the azure sea.  
 But round the line of that retreat,  
 Hover avenging bands,  
 And the ensign of proud Naples,  
 A rustic's trophy stands.†

## 10

At Morreale now again  
 The dogs of war are freed,  
 And there four thousand valiant men,  
 In deadly battle bleed.

\* At Calata Fimi the caps ran short, when the patriots were forced to fight with bayonets only.

† The 11th regiment lost their colours in passing through a village on the retreat.

The cannons' roar, the rifles' crack,  
 The trumpets' warlike blare,  
 In fatal conflict storm around  
 The battle's ruddy glare,—  
 O may that contest better times yet buy !  
 When Italy no more shall trampled lie.

## II.

## 1

The night now veils the mountain heights  
 In sable robe of black,  
 As single file, the patriot band  
 Follow their rugged track.  
 The darkness closes round them there,  
 That narrow path by night,  
 Save where the city's twinkling lamps,  
 Serve them for beacon light.  
 No sound is heard throughout that march,  
 But the tramp of many feet,  
 Till the eastern grey of twilight  
 Unmasks their feign'd retreat.\*

## 2

Within those walls in silence weeps  
 Many a mournful eye,  
 For they think of their brave brethren,  
 Who on yon mountains die.

\* After a feigned retreat, Garibaldi by a night march came to Palermo.



But the prayers of injured virtue,  
 The tortured captive's groan,  
 Have risen to the King of Kings,  
 And reached His awful throne.  
 And the fiat of His vengeance  
 Has flown upon the wind,  
 And let the monarch seek the chain  
 That Destiny can bind.

## 3

Aurora rises in the East,  
 Up from her golden bed,  
 Many brave men that dawn behold,  
 Whom th' even will see dead.  
 The maddened charge, the battle cry,  
 With cannon's fatal boom,  
 Resound around the crumbling streets,  
 A thousand's smoky tomb.

## 4

Now street by street is gained in fight,  
 And each costs Naples dear,  
 The chasseurs charge the troops in front,  
 The people in the rear.  
 But the helpless feel those hirelings' hate,  
 O brand of infamy !  
 For the cowards, who slaughter women,  
 Before the men did flee.

## 5

As when Camillus came with help  
 In Rome's most desp'rate need,  
 When Gauls were in the Capitol,  
 And the empire\* shook indeed ;

\* Imperium—the authority of the republic.

Acquit ye bravely, sons of Rome!  
 Be such once more to-day ;  
 The world is looking on your deeds,  
 Her freemen for you pray.

## 6

The men of Britain in your port,  
 Admire your noble fight ;  
 The Gauls, whom once your fathers ruled,  
 Behold your rising might.  
 Let the Germans tell their master,  
 Who trembles at thy name,  
 How the sword of Garibaldi,  
 Shews Rome's heart is e'er the same.

## 7

Hail ! successor of brave Cocles,  
 And Regulus of old,  
 And Scipio and Æmilius,—  
 Names wrought in words of gold.  
 Great Brutus would not weep at thee,  
 Could he look from his grave,  
 Nor Mucius nor Camillus,  
 Who once old Rome did save.  
 Those boastful mercenaries beg  
 From thee a rest and peace,  
 For laurels crown thy conquering brow,  
 Whose verdure ne'er shall cease.

## 8

Lo ! th' enemy's long columns  
 Retire upon the mole ;  
 Let them seek their ruthless king,  
 And with his sorrows dole.



The ships which bear those liv'ried slaves  
 Grow in the ocean less,  
 And curses follow from the shore,  
 Where none is left to bless.  
 Tell the tyrant, tell his gaolers,  
 His flatterers and slaves,  
 That the tricolour of liberty  
 Oe'r all Trinacria waves.

## 9

Melazzo ! noble battle field,  
 Bright shines thy world-wide fame,  
 Where Romans once again deserv'd  
 Their long-lost, ancient name.  
 Hope trampled down Calabria !  
 He comes across the sea,—  
 He comes, as Æneas came from Troy,  
 To bear thee Liberty.

## MORAL.

Ye Men of England ! men of peace,  
 Learn what volunteers can do,  
 Vain is the rifle, vain the sword,  
 Unless the heart be true.

# THE OCEAN.

## A FRAGMENT.

---

The ocean roars beneath, nor stills its roll—  
 Empires have been founded, reach'd the goal  
 Of excellence, and then again declined,  
 And into insignificance have pined,  
 Till but in ruined temples, and the page  
 Of history alone recorded to this age,  
 Leaving no other trace. And mighty men,  
 Of arm or mind, who by their sword or pen,  
 Or wealth, or cunning, have won power  
 Over their fellow man,—fires of the hour  
 That glittering for awhile sent forth bright light,  
 But then in dying, left more dark the night.  
 Still *on* that ocean rolled, and knew no rest,  
 Nor when its waves were by Aurora kissed,  
 Nor when 'twas tost by hurricane's fierce blast,  
 Which shattered wrecks on the strand had cast ;  
 Nor when the moon with silver clad the main,  
 Nor when its waves were dimpled by the rain.  
 Still on for ages rolls that heaving sea,  
 Nor rest nor peace is there, nor e'er shall be,  
 Till time shall cease in vast eternity.



## DECLINE OF NATIONS.

KRASICKI.

---

Vain are our boasts. Of all that once has been,  
Rome virtuous conquer'd, but Rome vicious fell,  
Nor Goth nor Alan raz'd her to the ground,  
'Twas crime that woe upon her children brought,  
That forged their galling yoke. Soon, cooled in good,  
Rome fell, and never since again arose.  
The ocean darkly swells; the tempest roars,  
The heavens thunder, yet the bark sinks not,  
For each man, at his post prepared doth stand,  
And though they might desert their watch, and flee,  
'Tis well to stay, and nobly live,—or die.

# GUARDIAN ANGELS.

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## I

When comes the sombre night around  
 In solemn eventide,  
 And Luna girds her silver robe,  
 The midnight's regal bride ;  
 When o'er the heaven's sable vault  
 Its twinkling flowerets shine,  
 And argent floods clad purple streams,  
 With beauty e'en divine :  
 Come spirits from your far-off home  
 On airy waving wings,  
 Until the silence of the night  
 With luscious music rings.  
 Guardian Angels ! vigils keeping,  
 Watch while we are softly sleeping.

## 2.

When 'neath the cross of suffering  
 Earth's weary pilgrim bows,  
 Whisper of hope, sweet comfort still,  
 That hope which love endows.  
 When the idol of the crowd  
 Burns in ambition's lust,  
 Guide him, help him, in his trial,  
 Tell him " man is dust."



Good and evil all must pass ;  
 All is for a season :  
 Wealth must vanish, strength must fade,  
 Yea, e'en life and reason.

## 3

Speak with us when we are lonely,  
 And have ye around us only ;  
 When we walk through Nature's silence,  
 Let us feel your loving guidance.  
 Where the music of the waters  
 Murmurs o'er the pebbly shore,  
 And the skylarks, sweetly warbling,  
 In the azure heavens soar ;  
 Where the meadows gemm'd with flowers  
 Glisten in the morning's light,  
 And the mountains, crowned with granite,  
 Rest in all their ancient might ;  
 Where the deep blue ocean stretches  
 On to heaven's vast expanse,  
 Furrowed by the silver foam-crests,  
 That o'er gilded surges dance ;  
 When the Orient sun uprises,  
 High from his bright golden throne,  
 O'er encrimson'd towers of cloud,  
 On his gorgeous path alone ;  
 Make us think of God above,  
 And see Him in these works of love.

## 4

When Death around us waves his wings,  
 And the last knell of parting rings,  
 While we bow o'er loved one's bier,  
 Wipe away the bitter tear.

Come, sit near when life's fire dims,  
 And its strength doth wane ;  
 When the pilgrim ends his course  
 With parting throe of pain ;  
 When his eye sees better things,  
 As his heart beats its last hour  
 With the parting of the soul,  
 And the end of mortal power.

## 5

Sit ye near that cold, damp grave,  
 Floating there o'er ether's wave,  
 Sing ye then triumphant hymns,  
 As ye his chaplets weave ;  
 Till ye end that deathless crown,  
 Mark of heav'nly saint's renown—  
 That lustre never shall leave,  
 For the soul that sleeps beneath,  
 Waiting th' amaranthine wreath.  
 Guardian angels, vigils keeping,  
 Watch as he is gently sleeping.

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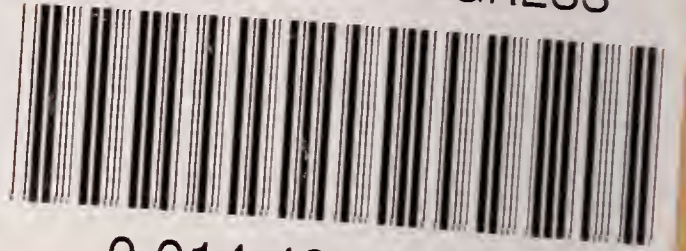


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